

**from “The Frog Who Wanted To Be a Singer”****by Linda Goss**

Let’s examine a little creature who is feeling might bad, mighty sad, mighty mad, and mighty frustrated. We call him the frog. There’s nothing wrong in being a frog. But this particular frog feels that he has talent. You see, he wants to be a singer. And there’s nothing wrong in wanting to be a singer except that in this particular forest where this particular frog lives, frogs don’t sing. Only the birds are allowed to sing. . . .

So, for a while, the frog is cool. He’s quiet. He stays to himself and practices on his lily pad, jumping up and down, singing to himself. But one day all of this frustration begins to swell inside him. He becomes so swollen that frustration bubbles start popping from his mouth, his ears, his nose, even from his eyes, and he says to himself (in a froglike voice): “You know, I’m tired of feeling this way. I’m tired of holding all this inside me. I’ve got talent. I want to be a singer.”

The little frog decides to share his ambitions with his parents. His parents are somewhat worried about his desires, but since he is their son, they encourage him and say: “Son, we’re behind you one hundred percent. If that’s what you want to be, then go ahead. You’ll make us very proud.”

This makes the frog feel better. It gives him some confidence, so much so that he decides to share the good news with his friends. He jumps over to the other side of the pond and says, “Fellows, I want to share something with you.”

“Good!” they reply. “You got some flies we can eat.”

“No, not flies. I got talent. I want to be a singer.”

“Fool, are you crazy?” says one friend. “Frogs don’t sing in this place, You better keep your big mouth shut.”

They laugh at the frog, so he jumps back over to his lily pad.

He rocks back and forth, meditating and contemplating his situation, and begins to realize that perhaps he should go and talk with the birds. . . .

He gathers up his confidence, jumps over to their tree house, and knocks on their trunk. The head bird flies to the window, looks down on the frog’s head, and says: “Oh, it’s the frog. How may we help you?”

“Uh, well, uh, you see,” says Frog, “I would like to become a part of your group.”

“That’s wonderful,” says the head bird.

“Yes, wonderful,” echo the other birds.

“Frog, you may help us carry our worms,” said the head bird. . . .

Frog begins to stutter: “I-I-I-I want to-to-to sing wi-wi-with your group.”

“What! You must be joking, of course. An ugly green frog who is full of warts sing with us delicate creatures. You would cause us great embarrassment.”

“B-b-but . . .” Frog tries to plead his case, but the head bird becomes angry.

“Out! Out! Out of the house you go.” He kicks the frog from the house. Frog rolls like a ball down the jungle path.

When he returns home, he feels very sad. The frog wants to cry but he doesn’t, even though he aches deep inside his gut. He wants to give up, but he doesn’t. Instead he practices and practices and practices and practices.